

**UNKNOWN SWEDE
HOLDS ABERG SAFE**

NEWS OF ALL BRANCHES OF SPORT

**INFORMATION
FOR AUTOISTS**

PLAYING A ROUND OF GOLF WITH JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

**ANCIENT GAME HAS HELPED
HIM, HE SAYS, IN DEALINGS
WITH ALL HIS FELLOW MEN**

SNAPSHOTS OF J. D. ROCKEFELLER ON LINKS

**ROCKE-
FELLER
AND
HIS
GOLF
GAME**

He Regards Golf as the Best Game for Middle-Aged and Elderly Men. He Is Fond of Quoits, Too.

He Dresses Warmly in Loose, Knit Vest and Sweater, and, Scorning Knickers, Wears Plain Gray Trousers.

Intense Concentration and Deliberate Movement Are the Most Notable Elements in His Play; He Is Seldom Off the Line.

He Spent a Long Time Helping His Guest Look for a Lost Ball, Thrusting Through Tangled and Rasping Vines Till It Was Found.

Elated by Two Unusually Fine Shots, He Twirled His Club Like a Shillelagh and Told a Funny Story.

In His Early Golfing Days He Wired His Foot to the Ground to Keep It Down, Having First Tried Flat Stones.

"Perhaps," He Says, "the Greatest Good Golf Does a Man Is to Teach Him Patience—Yes, and Humility."

William Inglis of The Evening World staff on Friday played a round of golf with John D. Rockefeller on the latter's private links at Lakewood. Mr. Rockefeller is a golf enthusiast and plays the ancient game with remarkable skill considering his advanced age. Golf, of all games, is believed to more thoroughly disclose a man's dominating characteristics, and you will readily accept this view after reading the Inglis article.

By WILLIAM INGLIS.

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"HOW do you do, sir? I am very glad to know you." John D. Rockefeller stepped forward slowly and grasped the hand of his visitor. There was old-fashioned courtesy in his deliberate, formal bow, and his speech was unmistakably the speech of Northern New York. His blue eyes, set well apart, met the regard of his guest with a direct gaze, friendly but searching. From his appearance one might have guessed him a prosperous farmer from one of the upper counties.

Which was surprising and a little disconcerting. One expected to find him the embodiment of irresistible force, something calm and inevitable as a glacier or the march of the seasons; instead of which here was a plain, every-day person. He was on the long porch of his Lakewood home, the big house that used to belong to a golf club. The porch is enclosed in glass, a fine sun parlor for cold days, and it looks out on forty acres of gently rolling lawn, bordered on every side by green forests of pine and hemlock, framed by tall oaks, all red and russet.

The old golf course has been kept up, its bunkers still of the straight pattern of ten years ago, easy for the professional or semi-pro of today, but quite hard enough for the ordinary performer.

"I think the air of Lakewood the most delightful in America at this season," said Mr. Rockefeller as we walked toward the first tee. "It is mild, yet bracing. I find it a great change to come here from Pocantico and live among the pines and balsam. Do you see those young pines? We set them out two years ago, and they've grown so I hardly know them. We have put in hundreds of them and laid out walks and drives, and we're enlarging the lake. It keeps me busy taking care of these four or five hundred acres."

HOW ROCKEFELLER DRESSES FOR THE GOLF LINKS.

Mr. Rockefeller was dressed with care. Over a soft gray flannel shirt with a rolling collar he wore a paper vest to keep the wind away, a black golf waistcoat with full, silken sleeves and a lightweight blue sweater. No knickers for him, but ordinary gray trousers with a belt of plain leather. His shoes, tan, with hobnails to keep his feet from slipping on the turf, which would be disastrous.

"Won't you drive off?" he said, and sat down to wait on a long green settee near the tee. When the visitor's ball had sailed away Mr. Rockefeller stepped up on the tee and tapped with his club to show where he wanted a caddy to put a pinch of sand. The caddy pinched the sand and pressed it into shape and set the ball on top of it. He stepped back a few yards.

Any one who has waited around the tee for his turn to drive off can remember thousands of otherwise good men who change grip and stance and almost prance in their eagerness to get poised just right, and then tap the ground and waggle the driver with many a weird flourish before they address the ball again and again. This man was not like any of those. He advanced slowly and planted his feet with care in just the spots that would best serve. For a moment he rested the sole of the driver on the ground behind the ball.

Then he began the slowest back swing I ever saw. Inch by inch the club-head steadily drew away behind the ball, the player meanwhile keep-



HE USES A LIGHT MASHIE.

the ball would have galloped over and away out of sight; but in this case it ran very fast at first, then slowed and stopped at the very brink of the cup.

"When I putted I found why he had hit so hard. The green had not been played on for a long time and the grass was not kept down and rolled smooth."

"Well, have to get help to put this green in order," he said. "The men have been at work constantly, but the green is very slow."

The caddy explained that the dealer who supplied the grass seed last spring had carelessly mixed it with tansy seed, and the men had been trying all summer to get rid of the weeds. Hard luck!

There is a brook perhaps eighty yards from the third green.

Mr. Rockefeller's ball lodged where the bank sloped gently down toward the water. This "hanging lie," as golfers call it, is always annoying, and where it occurs near a brook has an uncanny way of pushing a fellow's shot right down into the water—a sort of hypnosis, as all golfers will know. The man of ordinary prudence would use a mashie for the shot so as to be sure of kicking up the ball clean and sending it with certainty across the brook.

EXAMPLE OF MR. ROCKEFELLER'S CONCENTRATION.

But Mr. Rockefeller took out a mid-iron. He measured with a keen glance the distance to the green, took stance with his right foot considerably higher than the left, seemingly disregarding the hypnotic brook just below him, and gave the ball a clean, vigorous sweep that landed it on the green, where it rolled within four yards of the hole.

"I thought you'd play safe," I remarked.

"Did," he answered. "Almost any ball is safe—if you'll only take good care."

Which is perfectly true; but how many golfers have the relentless concentration that will hold their faculties without wavering under such circumstances?

From the next tee the fair way has been cut through pine woods for a width of about forty yards—room enough for a very accurate player but most trying for a slasher. Mr. Rockefeller used his iron from the tee, but insured its accuracy. His ball was well in the middle of the course. Mine flew into the woods on the left. I was forced to play a second shot, and to top up another ball, but Mr. Rockefeller said no.

"Well, find that ball," he assured me. "It would be too bad to lose it, and it should not be hard to find a white ball among the pine needles."

With the help of the caddies we searched for the ball, but to our surprise the ball could be found. It was on the ball, but Mr. Rockefeller stayed. One could see his instinct against waste asserting itself. Through the occasional brambles and sticky vines he thrust his way, and when the caddy actually found the ball he looked well pleased.

When he drove from the next tee his ball carried perilously near the woods on the left, but it skirted out with a little "slice" as it is called, which restored it to the middle of the course.

"I was hoping for a 'sliced' ball," he said, smiling with much satisfaction. It requires a considerable proficiency to be able to "slice" a ball at will, even though every man "slices" by accident many times in a match.

Mr. Rockefeller seems to have the faculty of being left in the middle of the course by a workman, and it bounded back into the woods on the left.

"Isn't that an accident which entitles you to another shot without penalty?" I asked as he was going promptly into the woods to play the ball out.

"It seems to me that wheel should not be there, and it is unfair to any player to have a hazard like that put right on the line of play."

For a Lakewood neighbor playing in the match, agreed that there should be no penalty under the circumstances.



WATCHING HIS GUEST DRIVE OFF UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

"Thank you, gentlemen, for the liberality of your construction," said Mr. Rockefeller, dropping the ball without penalty. "You may be too liberal, but it would be ingracious to dispute your kind offer."

And this time the ball flew true and straight to the green. Most men would have been discomfited by the incident, but this player appears not to know how to get rattled; so he played the approach shot for the second time just as accurately as if there had been no mixup with the ball.

GOLF ABOUT THE BEST FORM OF GOOD EXERCISE.

"I suppose," said Mr. Rockefeller, as we lingered on the way to the next tee, "that golf is the best exercise for middle-aged and elderly men that ever was invented. I've always been on out-of-doors when I was young, and I've always been on out-of-doors when I was old. I can hear my father's voice now: 'Son, keep a snig going down hill; any horse can take care of himself on level ground. I have always been fond of horses. How long ago that seems, when I was a boy, and I was a horse man. I was a horse man, Frank Work and so many others used to drive trotters on the road. I've pitched quoits, too, and found that good exercise, besides doing a lot of gardening and tree planting—all of these things fine exercise."

"Yet I believe golf the best exercise of all. It is so absorbing. There is just the right mixture of walking and striking. But that is not its best feature. Perhaps the greatest good golf does a man is to teach him patience—yes, and humility. He makes the same mistake for the thousandth time, and learns to take his medicine like a man, and to make allowances for other men, too. I am sure that golf has helped me in my dealings with my fellow men."

One of the advantages of playing on a private golf course is that the match may go along as fast or as slowly as it likes. We simply strolled and talked and played or lingered as the occasion suggested.

The man who has boasted more men and millions than any other private citizen in the world showed no trace of masterfulness, unless one excepts the intensity of his concentration of every faculty in the playing of the game. He was so painstaking, so deliberate, so sure. In all the match he never flubbed a shot.

He is only an inch or so below six feet in height, not heavily muscled, but rather of the stately, enduring type. His body is broad and thick. He has a great deal of strength, which would be unusual in a man of sixty and is altogether surprising in a man of his seventy-six years. His hands are well proportioned. They do not show the hard, prominent veins one expects on aged hands, and would pass for the hands of a man of

HIS TREMENDOUS FOLLOW THROUGH

who was expounding the parable of the prodigal son. He said that after the prodigal had wasted his substance in riotous living he had to part with one rich garment after another to buy himself bread. After awhile he came down to his woolen shirt. So he sold that to buy bread—and then he came to himself!

We finished the game on about even terms. Mr. Rockefeller could not forget the slowness of the greens. His pride as a golfer had been touched.

"You must come up to Pocantico," he said as I was leaving, "and try our course there. The putting greens are smooth as rugs."

Any one driving a taxicab or hack

What You Want to Know About Your Auto and How To Drive It and Keep It

**Expert Advice How to Keep Automobiles Running Smoothly
and the Best Way to Remedy Machine Troubles—
Traffic Suggestions and Pleasure Routes
for Evening World Readers.**

By **GEORGE H. ROBERTSON.**

TRAFFIC conditions throughout the city are steadily becoming better and it must be a source of satisfaction to the traffic authorities to know that the drivers of vehicles themselves are doing all they can to aid in the successful handling of traffic. Operators of motor cars are becoming accustomed to the avenue's semaphores, and it will only be a short time before the little defects of this system will be eliminated. Vehicular traffic in the parks now moves in an orderly fashion, since there has been a motorcycle man stationed there, and the arrests for speeding have been reduced to a minimum. While conditions on Central Park West are not as good as one might expect, it is a fact that there are very few accidents on this thoroughfare. This in spite of the mixed conditions under which one must drive. With the appointment of a half dozen new motorcycle men this week, speeding will be properly checked and the reckless driver will have to be more cautious in the handling of his car. Rockless driving is much more than speeding under certain conditions, and will, no doubt, be closely followed up by the traffic authorities.

Automobile Editor: I have an Aerocar air-cooled motor, which I am unable to keep cool. It will heat up to a point and then stop. I have the Alwater Kent ignition, and is timed No. 1 cylinder, firing on top center. The engine is free from carbon, gets plenty of oil, the fan gives a good wind and I drive with an advanced spark. Can you advise me as to the trouble?

W. C. SQUIRES. It may be that the valves are not set properly or that the mixture is too heavy, or that the carburetor doesn't coast freely. This will cause the motor to overheat. I would suggest a change of oil.

Automobile Editor: Does the law allow an owner's son to drive a taxicab for pleasure without having a hackman's license?

C. R. No, the law does not allow an owner's son to drive a taxicab for pleasure without having a hackman's license.

Automobile Editor: Kindly give me advice about using kerosene in the radiator of a Ford car during the winter months.

A. J. B. Kerosene will do no serious damage if used in the radiator, but it is practically worthless as a non-freezing solution unless an enormous quantity is used. Would suggest denatured alcohol or glycerine for this purpose.

Automobile Editor: How can I check the time valves on a Reo to make them stop with the marks on the flywheels?

J. F. K. If the valves are set with the flywheel marks, set the valve tappets, while warm, to about the thickness of a business card. If the tappets have too much distance a slight noise will result.

ADVERTISING.

HOW THE ELEMENT OF SAFETY WAS ADDED TO THE PLEASURES OF MOTORING

by **George H. Robertson**

OF course it is obvious that personality and character should play a great part in the successful handling of a car; just the same as it does in any other kind of pleasure or business. The driver of a machine has all kinds of conditions to deal with. Some are more dangerous than others; but the everlasting, always present danger that is just as much of a bug-bear to the experienced driver as it is to the beginner, is skidding.

All kinds of devices, good, bad and indifferent, have been invented, promoted and used to increase the safety of driving under these particular conditions. Most all of them have gone the way that most novelties do, because novelties as a rule do not serve a practical purpose; but inventive genius was persistent, and from a vague idea of what was needed the NON-SKID CHAIN was finally evolved and it alone has done more to raise the safety, and hence the pleasure, of driving than any other one thing in the automobile world.

I remember the time when tire chains were first brought to our notice as a skidding preventor. In fact every one in the trade here ridiculed the idea. However, the doubting traders were invited to a comparative test held one rainy day on "Automobile Row" which at that time was located on Thirty-eighth Street. Two cars were taken, one a huge Panhard and the other a light Renault. The Panhard, which had a name at the time of being a veritable merry-go-round-on-wheels, was equipped with a set of chains on the rear wheels while the Renault was equipped with the then popular steel studded tires as an anti-skidding device.

I believe I might safely say that I have tried everything, but I have never been satisfied by anything else as I have been with chains.

MOTORISTS' PROBLEMS SOLVED

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